Harrison and Cleveland Play First Base and the Pitchers Are Quay and Hill.

DeWitt Ray, the talented Chicago correspondent of the Sporting Times, of New York, sends the following clever and interesting ac-York paper:

CHICAGO, Nov. 10 .-- A match game for \$200, 000, payable in four annual installments of \$50,-600, was played on the national diamond, on Tuesday last, to the largest gathering of spectators ever assembled in this country. The Washington Blues have held the championship for the past four years. They won the deciding game in 1884 by a narrow margin, owing to an error by Burchard in the ninth inning. The opposing team, in 1884, was captained and managed by Blaine, one of the cleverest players on the national diamond. His only weakness is a tendency to play for a record. Like John Ward, he has an itening for newspaper publicity, and the stockholders of the club, in reorganizing the team this year, made Ben Harrison captain and sent Jim Blaine behind the bat to receive Matt. Quay's delivery.

The challenge of the Indianapolis Stars was issued in this city, in July last, and was promptly accepted by Captain Cleveland. Preliminary arrangements were made on a magnificent scale. It is not too much to say that the struggle eclipsed in brilliancy the world-series contests between the Giants and the Browns. Both sides were confident, Captain Cleveland's team being a favorite in the betting \$100 to \$80. By mutual agreement, the double-umpire system was adopted. General Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, and "Uncle Abe" Hewitt, of New York, consented to perform the trying duties. The

following teams were placed in the field: Indianapolis Stars-B. Harrison. first base; M. Quay, pitcher; J. Blaine, catcher; J. New, short stop; W. D. Kelley, second base; F. Hiscock, third base; J. B. Foraker, left field; W. Miller, centre field; L. Morton, right field; J. Ingalls, substitute. Washington Blues-G. Cleveland, first base; D Hill, pitcher; J. Carlisle, catcher; D. Lamont, short stop; D. Dickerson, second base; C. Brice, third base; T. F. Bayard, left field; R. Milis, centre field; A. Thur-man, right field; R. Flower, substitute.

When the Washington Blues appeared for preliminary practice they received an enthusiastic welcome. Their warming up work, however, was not altogether satisfactory to their friends. Captain Cleveland had evidently neglected practice in his racquet court and had too much avoirdupois. Al Thurman was suffering from a "charley horse." Dave Hill was in fine form, but Tom Bayard in left field had the sun in his eyes, being obliged to face West. Captain Harrison, of the Indianapolis team.

was greeted with long and continued cheering. Ben had been trained by Denny and Glasscock during the summer, and Jim Blaine, the catcher, had been well coached by Carnegie. It soon became evident that the only weak points in the team were at second base and right field. Bill Kelley, whose eye-sight is failing, was obliged to wear goggles, and Lee Morton was, as Johnny Ingalis, their substitute, expressed it, fearfully

The Stars won the toss and sent their oppopents to the bat. Dave Hill drove the second ball pitched to center field, which Miller misjudged, and Dave reached third. Lamont's grounder to Johnny New reached first base betore Dan did, Hill scoring on the play. Don Dickinson went to first on balls, but was thrown out by Blaine to Kelley in attempting to steal

"What's the matter with Kelley's goggles? shouted coacher Carnegie from the grand stand and of course the answering cry came back: 'They're all right."

Roger Mills hit for a base, but was left by Bayard's foul, which Frank Hiscock captured. Frank Hiscock, who formerly played with the Syracuse Stars, led off for the Indianapolis team. He dropped a safe one back of Dickinson. Foraker fouled out to Carlisle. Quay's drive to Brice at third was fatal to Hiscock in his enforced journey to second. Blaine smashed the sphere for two bases, advancing Quay to third. It looked like an earned run when Miller came to the bat, but his long fly to Roger Mills was brought down after a sharp run.

The second inning opened auspiciously for the Blues. Colonel Brice's fly was a puzzler to Morton, who allowed it to drop three feet in front of him. Captain Cleveland waited for a ball shoulder high and sent it along the first base line. Captain Harrison claimed a foul, but umpire Fellows didn't see it that way, and Joe Medill agreed with him. Matt Quay joined in the kick and was fined \$10. Catcher Blaine protested, threw off his mask, tore off his gloves. and a scene ensued-one of those unfortunate episodes which occasionally mar the enjoyment of contests on the national diamond. Time was called, and after twelve minutes' of dialogue Catcher Blaine was pacified. Carlisle, who formerly played in the Louisville Eclipse team with Pete Browning and Pfeffer, hit the first ball pitched for a base, scoring Brice. Thurman

Captain Harrison's foul tip was taken by Carlisie. Bill Kelley was cheered when he faced "Smash the goggles, Dave," yelled Hughey

Grant from the grand stand. Kelley responded by smashing the ball for two bases. John New went down on balls, and Kelley stole third, where Hill caught him napping a moment later. Morton retired the side by striking out.

From this point the fight was confined almost exclusively to the batteries, and the final half of the ninth inning opened with the score standing 2 to 0 in favor of the Blues. Hill had pitched a magnificent game, but an awful revelation was in store for the friends and backers of the Blues. It was the verest rebuke Cap'n Cleveland and his team ever received. It came in the form of a spanking, unexpected and terrible. Suddenly, to the astonishment of all, Hill ceased to be effective. Cap'n Cleveland and his men did everything possible to rally their pitcher, but he was suffering from nervous prostration. Finally a physician was called, ammonia and brandy were administered, and Dave, apparently himself again, said he would finish the game. Matt Quay made a single. Blaine flew out to Mills. Miller hit the ball safely. Harrison followed the example of his predecessor and Quay ran home. Keiley-who had thrown away his nued the good work and Miller and Harrison finished the circuit of the bases, giving the game to the Stars with only one man out. The score:

	0770		100000					
	A.B.	R.	1B.	2B.	S.B.	P.O.	۸.	E.
Hiscock, 3b	4	0	1	0	0	1	2	0
Foraker, l.f	. 4	0	U	0	0	1	0	0
Quay, p	4	1	3	0	3	6	2	0
Blaine, c	4	0	1	1	1	8	4	1
Miller, c.f	4	1	1	0	0	1	0	1
Harrison, 1b	4	1	2	0	2	4	0	0
Kelley, 2b	. 4	0	1	1		2	4	0
New, 5.8	. 3	0	0	0	0	1	3	0
Morton, r.f	. 2	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
em_4_1_	-	-	-		-	-		-
Totals	.33	3	9	2	5 *	25	15	3
	B	LUE	S.					
****	A. B.	R.	1B.	2B.	S.B.	P.0.	۸.	E.

STARS.

Dickinson, 2b..... 4 0 0 0 0 ...... 4 1 2 1 1 1 Cleveland, 1b...... 3- 0 2 0 0 10 Carlisle, c....... 3 0 2 1 1 6 Thurman, r. f..... 3 0 0

Total......34 2 10 3 6 27 19 "Winning run made with one man out.

Blues...... 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-2 Earned runs-Stars, 3. Base on errors-Stars, 2: Blues, 2. Left on bases-Stars, 5, Blues, 7. Base on balls--New, 2: Hiscock, Blaine, Harrison, Milier, Dickinson, Hill, 2: Lamont. Struck out-Thurman, Payard, Morton, Kelly. Two-base hits-Blaine, Kel-Mills, Brice, Carlisle. Double plays-Hiscock, Kelly and Harrison: Carlisle and Cleveland: Dickinson and Cleveland. Hit by pitcher-Foraker. Stolen bases-Stars. 5: Blues. 6. Time of game-One hour and forty minutes. Umpires-Mesars. "Ben" Butler

I leave to your imagination the enthusiasm of the victors. They are celebrating yet. A return game will be played in 1892.

## A Remedy for Insomnia.

Boston Transcript Book Review. There never lived and moved so sleepless, so dyspeptic, so nervous a people as the present generation of Americans. Consequently, Dr. Salisbury turns his attention to this fact, giving a simple prescription for the quieting of irritable perves:

One easy and effectual plan for calming an excited brain is to seek a quiet room, and, seated in an easy chair, or still better, lying in bed, to place the palm of the right hand on the forehead, and the paim of the left hand over the cerebellum and back of the neck. The eyes should be fixed upon some object and kept there; the breathings, which should be full, easy and slow, should be be counted up to fortynine, the patient listening intently, as if expecting to hear good news.

When forty-nine inspirations have been reached, the right hand must be similarly placed on the pit of of the stomach and the left hand to the opposite part of the back, while the previous operations are to be repeated. With the last of the second series of fortynine inspirations, the right hand is removed to the umbilious, and the left to the small of the back, with a repetition of breathing, etc. If these simple and apparently childish operations are properly and quiescently conducted the patient will either be happily sleeping or happy awake before the last forty-ninth inhalation has

fall asleep on going to bed at night before completing the first series of forty-nine inhalations, and we are by no means easily affected. The rationale of this process is thus explained

by Dr. Salisbury: "The palm of the right hand and the fore part of the body are both x (or positive) magnetic poles. The left palm and the back part of the body are both - (or negative) poles. Like poles repel, and by thus placing the palms of the hands over sends the following clever and interesting ac- the various centers or plexuses, a count of a \$200,000 game of ball to the New vital current is directed back into the body, its normal circuit is re-established, and its energies are guided and evenly distributed among the organs situated along its course. The physical and mental systems will become passive, contented and comfortable, all parts working together for the common good. The result will be composure and recuperation. All distracting, harassing, melancholy imagin-ings and gloomy forebodings will have passed away; the stomach and bowels and all their glandular appendages will renew their healthy functions, while digestion and assimilation, previously at a standstill, will go on normally.

## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

Pleasant Story of the Visit of Elsie Leslie to Mrs. Burnett.

Rochester Herald. A small vision, in a delicate green gown and a big black hat, crowning a pretty little face set in a wealth of long golden curls, appeared between the portieres and stopped blushing on the threshold of the appartment. "Ah, Little Lord Fauntierov," exclaimed the lady, rising and running toward the dainty creature, and catching her in her arms. "So this is the American Lord Fauntleroy: I am glad to sed you, little one."

The newcomer was Elsie Leslie, who has won the hearts of all Boston play-goers in that wonderfully perfect performance of hers as Little Lord Fauntieroy, and this was the first time that she and Mrs. Burnett had met. It the little girl had been shy for an instant, her self-possession returned instanter, and you would have thought that she and Mrs. Burnett had been "friends for years," as Little Lord Fauntleroy would say. For the two sat side by side upon a lounge, the lady's arm around the little girl, and the little golden head looking up lovingly into the face of the charming woman whose name is spoken sweetly in all English and American

"Are you tired of acting Fauntleroy, Elsiel" asked Mrs. Burnett. "I am coming to see you to-night.

"Tired! No, indeed: I like it very much." "And how do you spend your time when you are not at the theater

"Oh, I read a great deal. I have just been reading some of your books." And the little girl talked on for a few minutes, showing the greatest interest in characters that have figured in some of Mrs. Burnett's most delightful stories, until the lady said, in a tone of kindly 'You must not read too much, Elsie; you

should play, and you should be out of doors enjoying the sunshine and the fresh air." "Oh, but I do," was the quick reply;" and then I have my doils as well, and I have named one of them 'Topsy,' after the doll you had when you

were a little girl.' "Why, child, how did you know about my "I read about it somewhere, I think it was in a book called 'Lives of Famous Women,' and then there was a peal of merry laughter,

into which Elsie's voice broke after a moment "Did Lord Fauntleroy really know a bootblack?"

"Was that in New York?" "No, in Washington. That is where he lives. He is my son, and his real name is Vivian." "Oh, tell me about him, do!" exclaimed the little girl.

Mrs. Burnett 'smiled, and then, toying with the girl's bright, golden bair, asked. "Would you like to know how I came to write the story of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'?" The child nodded and sat in open-eyed eagerness, and so the lady proceeded: "Well, Elsie, I was born in England, but I have lived many years in the United States, and my two sons are very thorough Americans. It was my knowledge of English life, combined with my appreciation of my little boy's intense democracy, that led me to think how the little Vivian would behave if he should find himself in England, where the customs would be strange to him, and where he would know no reason for treating a duke differently from a person who was not a duke. The little fellow made friends with everyone, and I have seen him sitting on the curbstone in his little velvet suit, talking with three or four small colored boys in a very earnest manner, and then he would come up to me and say, 'Oh, dearest, they are very good boys, indeed, and I like them.' He made friends with a grocer in our neighborhood, just as Cedric did with Mr. Hobbs, but whatever his associates were, he always preserved his gentlemanliness and refinement. "And did he ever go across the ocean?" asked Elsie, "and did he make good friends with the

"Oh, yes, he went to England with me, and the sailors took a fancy to him, and he used to carry them tobacco, and he learned the names of all the ropes on board and the different parts of the ship, and I think he was really superintendent of the machinery, for he came to me one day and said, 'Dearest, the engineer says that he couldn't run the machinery without

"And did he really call you 'Dearest?" "Yes, that is the way he spoke to me."

"I should think everybody would have loved "And so everybody did. I suppose there never was a more popular little fellow; one more lov able and loving; but you see his popularity did not spoil him, because he has a wonderful sturdy and independent character. And when he was eight years old, the age at which he is represented in the book, he had beautiful long

curis, like yours, Elsie.' And so the two talked on very much as Little Lord Fauntleroy and his mother talk in the book and in the play. Indeed, one might have thought that Elsie Leslie, as she sat there, was Little Lord Fauntleroy's sister, she was so natural and self-possessed, and when she arose to go out she took Mrs. Burnett's hands in hers and said: "Oh, I am so glad I have seen you Won't you come to me after the play to-night?" And when she had won the coveted promise she went away as happy and as self-contained a little lady as Fauntleroy was a happy and self-

contained little lord. Everybody has read "Little Lord Fauntleroy by this time. The book is to be found in the homes of all sorts and conditions of men. It is interesting to know that Mr. Gladstone has bought five copies of the book and presented them to as many young friends. Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Burnett happened to be in Florence at the same time, and as soon as the "Grand Old Man" learned of her presence there he expressed an earnest desire to meet the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Lord Randolph Churchill became so interested in the book one day that he forgot to prepare a speech which he had promised his constituents. Another wellknown Englishman is such an advocate of the book that he bought sixty copies of it last Christmas and distributed them broadcast among his friends.

A Snake's Weakness for Persimmons.

Gainesville (Ala.) Messenger. Recently Madison Jolly, a well-known peero of Green county, was attacked by a large rattlesnake about three miles from here. He threw his bundles down and made for the nearest tree, which happened to be a large persimmon tree loaded with ripe fruit, into which he quickly climbed, knocking off some of the ripe persimmons as be made his way up into the tree. When the snake arrived at the foot of the tree, instead of climbing up after the negro he began to eat the fruit which had fallen to the ground. After the spake had finished devouring all the persimmons in sight he began to coil himself around the tree preparatory to climbing it. The frightened negro, seeing the snake had eaten the fallen persimmens, gathered a bandful and threw them to the ground, then the snake uncoiled from around the tree and began to eat the fruit the darky had thrown down.

This was repeated several times, when the darky bethought himself of a small phisl of morphine which he was carrying home to his sick wife. He split open several persimmons and emptied the contents of the phial upon them, and dropped them to his snakeship, who immediately ate them. The drug acted like a charm upon the snake, and he was soon lying belpless on the ground. The negro climbed down and ran to a house near by and secured help and returned and despatched the snake lying helpless from the effects of the morphine. The snake was eighteen feet long, six inches in diameter and had forty-four rattles and a button on the end of his tail, and had been the terror of Tubbscreek swamp for the past twenty-five or thirty years.

## A Cat That Likes Railroading.

Chicago Heraid. An engineer on the Danville railway, whose run is between Danville and Springfield, has a cat which he would not part with for love or money. It belonged to his wife, who is now dead, and for many years past it has been his constant companion in the cab. Ordinarily it sits perched up in the cab window before its | else before. Promisenous dancing is doubtless master, but occasionally it strolls out to the pilot, where it will ride for hours at a stretch. winking knowingly at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the cross-roads. Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous animal climbs to the top of the sand-box and calmly roosts there, undeterred by the shricks of the whistle or the clang of the boil. The engine has had good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and Don't you believe it! We who have tried it | the trainmen look upon it as a mascot.

CRICKAMAUGA BATTLE-FIELD.

Efforts Being Made to Locate the Positions of the Commands Engaged.

Chicago Inter Ocean. Gen. John B. Turchin, who was recently a member of an excursion under the leadership of an officer appointed by the United States government to visit the famous battle-field of Chickamauga, with the view of preparing a map showing the positions of the various combatants during that much-discussed battle, was seen by a reporter with the view of ascertaining the results of the expedition. In response to questions the General said:

"The purpose of the excursion was to correct our official maps of the battle of Chickamauga. After the war the field of the battle was surveyed, and a map made. As far as a map of the country was concerned, the map was all right, but it was very inaccurate so far as the positions which it gave to the various bodies of troops engaged in the battle. After the war, and even immediately after the battle, we did not know exactly our positions; particularly on the first day of the battle. The positions were so irregular, and there were so many changes of our position that the officers of the engineer corps could not locate properly either the positions of the confederate forces, or our own position seven. Of course, at that time we did not have any rebel records or reports of the battle of Chickamauga, and could not know what troops of theirs were in this and that position. The consequence was that our maps were incorrect as to the position of the troops on both sides. On the last occasion, when the Army of the Cumberland had a meeting here in Chicago, they passed a resolution deciding that some efforts should be made to rectify the old official maps of the battle of Chickamauga, and General Rosecrans communicated with the Secretary of War in regard to it, and, through him, General Schofield authorized Col. Kellogg, of the United States army, to take charge of the rectification of the old maps, and do whatever might be necessary toward accomplishing that end. During the battle Colonel Kellogg was one of the aides-de-camp of General Thomas, and consequently had an opportunity to become familiar with the various points on the field of battle, and the positions of the various divisions. Colonel Kellogg communicated with several of the commanders who participated in that battle, and requested them to meet him at a certain date at Chickamauga, and assist him in finding our old positions and making a sort of preliminary map of the field of battle, showing the different positions of the engaging forces on different days. " We met at Chattanooga Nov. 10, and on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday were on the field of battle, going in all directions, and ascertaining where our troops held positions. We found that General Baird and General Vandeveer were on the extreme left of our position on the first day of the battle, and that on the second day Baird was on the extreme left, and Vandeveer in the center of he left wing, and myself-that is, division-right in the center of the whole line. Colonel Bailey was on the left of the right wing, and Wilder on the extreme right of our line during the battle. In that way we could ascertain our positions very well. Fullerton, having been with Granger, knew about the position on the Horseshoe Ridge. Captain S. B. Moe, was the Adjutant-general of Stedman's division, and is a civil engineer at Chattanooga, and knows all about the field, the field of Chickamauga being only seven or eight miles south of Chattanooga. Vandeveer was fighting on the Horseshoe Ridge. The battle on the first day was a very complicated affair, and it was hard to decipher, but each one of us knew considerable about the positions in which we were fighting during the battle. After we found the locations of our several positions on the field of battle Colonel Kellogg placed them on blanks which he will perfect in Washington. He further proposes, next spring to invite some confederate officers to locate the position of the rebel troops,

and when that is done the map will be com-"The battle of Chickamauga was one of the most important battles of the war, and, of course, it was proper to have the maps rectified, as people have strange ideas about the battle. Though it was one of the most interesting battles of the war, there is really no history of

it at all."

GLADSTONE AT BIRMINGHAM. The Scene in the Great Hall in that City During His Recent Speech.

The people sang "Men and Liberals Rouse to Action," or "Clear the Way for Gladstone's Coming," or "The Grand Old Chieftain." Then ten thousand voices rose and fell in well marked rhythm, and with an effect not to be described. Over so great a space were the people spread that two or three thousand in this or that part had a tune of their own and sang it undisturbed by the independent melodies of their neighbors. More often, however, the multitude uplifted their voices together in a mighty unison, the most popular chorus being "Clear the Way," sung to the tune of "Hold the Fort." In these exercises time passed swiftly, the people kept keen eyes upon the platform, and as one or another of the Liberal chiefs appeared a shout of recognition went forth that drowned the music, and, ceasing, left the resonant strains again in full possession of the ear. Occasionally a more direct party cry arose. Groans for Chamberlain were given as heartily as cheers for Gladstone, and mention of half a dozen names acted like an electric shock to stimulate applause or howls of disapprobation. About the heartiness of all there could be no question. The mighty gathering, right or wrong in its opinions, was terribly in earnest, and this added to the effect its numbers had upon the imagination. But proof of the utmost the crowd could do in the way of manifestation was only given when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, attended by a posse of the ex-Prime Minister's lieutenants, including the "Red Earl," Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, appeared upon the piatform. The picture then presented by Bingley Hall will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Previously the enormous galleries had remained nearly quiescent, but now they joined the thronged area in one universal movement. It seemed as though the very earth moved upward when the whole assembly started to its feet at sight of the old leader's gray head. A moment more and the scene was one of waving hats and handkerners that aimost entirely obscured the form of their owners, so thick were they; while simultaneously broke forth that most impressive of all sounds, the poise of thousands of voices as "the sound of many waters." Eve and ear were alike oppressed and overwhelmed by the demonstration, even in the case of an indifferent looker-on-if indifference there could be. But how must the aged statesman have felt who was the object of it all! Unusually pale, but erect and smiling, Mr. Gladstone watched the remarkable spectacle. now and then bowing low and rising patiently to wait the end, which was long in arriving. If the cheering lulled, or the hats sank down to rest on the heads beneath them, there would come a sudden burst of enthusiasm, louder and more animated than ever. At last the strident notes of a cornet forced their way through the agitated air, sounding the first bars of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." In a moment the old ditty was pouring from thousands of throats in one tremendous volume. It ended, and then, with another cheer, and yet another, followed by "one more," the tumultuous assembly stilled

Said To Be a Genuine Rubens.

Mr. F. F. Fuosa, formerly of Brussels, and now of Jamaica Plain, has in his possession a picture claimed to be an original painting by the celebrated master. Rubens. If this is true. it would certainly bring from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in Europo. The picture, without frame, is eighteen inches high by fifteen inches wide. The painting represents a visit of Rubens to the cell of a monk, the two heads and figures being the chief feature of the work. The face and figure of the artist are in profile and in the shade, while the view of the monk is full face. and upon him is represented a full effect of sunlight, coming in from a window of the cell. The monk holds a drinking-flask and a gobiet. apparently about to offer refreshments to his

The two heads are quite distinct, but the other part of the work is dim and the paint is scratched. The figure of Rubens is that of a tall man, with dignified carriage, very regular features and full beard. The face of the monk is round and ruddy and his beard is light brown. At first glauce no name or date can be seen, but a close inspection discovered in the black paint at the bottom of the canvas the words, slightly raised in black: "Pinxit 1621, Rubens Aut." About twenty-five years ago Mr. Fuoss bought this painting in Brussels, from a person who did not know its value.

Two Opinions on Dancing.

Mrs. Elia Wheeler Wilcox-"I entirely approve of round dances-for people who are graceful: but people who can't dance well ought not to dance at all. Dancing is much more liable to pervert the old. But, then, if they would be perverted by dancing, wouldn't they be likely to have been perverted by something likely to be conducive to immorality. But then so it is in a camp-meeting. Young girls ought to dance with their brothers' friends, though." Dr. Alva H. Doby, surgeon and medical instructor-"A nominally healthy woman can dance with impunity just as she can ride a horse or play tennis, but comparatively few American women are nominally healthy. Moreover, a woman in a ball dress is almost invariably laced too tightly, and I never knew a dodgers, and woman who danced who did not dance to much. | advertise in.

The overexertion, combined with the tight lacing, is apt to produce functional trouble of the heart, increasing as it does, the action of the heart with diminished scope. Women who dance ought not to lace at all, and married women should dance seldom, if ever."

TRYING ON NEW COFFINS.

Queer Eccentricity of the Pretty Millionaire

Widow of Dr. Riller. Wilmington (Mass.) Special to New York Sun. There is one lady in this part of the country who enjoys "trying on" new coffins. That eccentric individual is the pretty millionaire widow of the late eccentric Dr. Hiller. Her deceased husband was content to have his coffin placed in the house, where he could see it and guard it from injury. She can't get along without lying down in her costly casket every week or so. She is said to have made several changes in the style of her coffin. It has not been an unusual thing for neighbors to flud her reclining in her coffin.

It is rare, however, that the same neighbor is

caught twice. The shock to the nerves of ordi-

nary people is too great for repetition. This is

the manner in which she ascertains the "at" of

the coffin: Rising very early, she takes a bath, and, robing herself in the finest of lace underclothing, she puts on an expensive white satin dress, which she has made for her burial robe. Her bair is combed away from her torehead, and fairly sparkles with dismonds and other jewels. Throwing a mantle over her finery, she rides away to the workshop. A large mirror is suspended from the ceiling, directly over the coffin. Under the mirror, and above the coffin, suspended by tackles and pulleys, is a snow-white silken hammock, in which Mrs. Hiller is placed by her attendants, who take great pains to adjust her draperies and body to suit her taste. When all is ready she gives the signal, and the hammock and its contents are let down into the carved-mahogany coffin. Here Mrs. Hiller lies for several minutes, looking up into the mirror overhead, and giving orders as to details of lay-

"I wish I could die now. Then I should know that everything would be all right. This waiting is tedious." Having been fitted to her coffin, she is raised

ing out. When everything is arranged to suit

her she says:

out again, gets out of the hammock, goes home, and changes her clothes. The workshop is about forty rods back of the Hiller mansion. It was intended as a cranberry house, and now holds some 9,000 bushels of cranberries raised on the estate. Over the cranberry-house is the workshop, where the coffin which holds the Doctor was made, and where the coffin intended to hold the widow, as well as the two \$1,000-boxes intended to hold the coffins of husband and wife, are now in process of construction. Ever since her husband's funeral, when she locked up the sarcophagus, as though it was a safe, and put the key in her pocket, her vigils have been unremitting. She has gone to the New England Medical Institute, a combination of hospital an "pill factory, which she and her husband started nearly twenty years ago, and which they conducted with great profit. Before taking the Boston train she orders her coachman to drive her a mile over the hills to the tomb where the remains

rest. Dismounting from her carriage with a bouquet in her hand, ehe goes up to the tomb and taps gently on the inner door. Getting no response, she says very softly:
"May I come in?" Silence giving consent, she unlocks and opens the door, and says in a loud

'Good morning, my dear; how have you passed the night? This done she inspects the costly casket, removes the old bouquet and puts a fresh one in its place, and locking up the door departs for Boston, where the clerks say she is "all business." This is not all the attention the Doctor receives. The widow has hired a night watchman in a mill close by to go to the tomb every morning at 6 o'clock and open it and say: "Good morning. Dr. Hiller." At 6 o'clock in the evening the same man visits the tomb again and says: "Good night Dr. Hiller; we hope you will rest well." For performing these services the widow pays the watchman \$5 a day, and he hopes the job will last, as he gets only \$12 a week at the factory where he is employed.

Mrs. Hiller has a great dread of growing old and gray, and is constantly in fear lest she may

ook bad when she is laid out.

THE SHAH WRITES GEOGRAPHY. But There Is a Painful Suspicion That His

Strange New Lake Is a Fraud. The Shah of Persia is dabbling in geography. recent issue of the Ivan, the official gazette o l'eheran, contains an article purporting to have been prepared by the Shah himself, descriptive of a strange, new lake, of dimensions large enough to make it almost an inland sea, that has, of late years, appeared in the Great Salt Desert, the "Dasht-i-Kavir." The ground in this desert is covered with a white crust of salt, it is habitable only in a few isolated spots, and there are said to be vast morasses, escape from which is impossible once a traveler ventures into them. Tradition is, however, that once this tract was covered by sea, with numerous ports and harbors, lighthouses and commerce. There has always been a sort of expectation among the Persians that some day the sea would return and cover the desert, and now a large body of water has actually appeared in the northwest corner of the desert, thirty-five miles from Teheran. The interest occasioned by this was so great that the Shah himself visited the spot. In his account of it he says that a small lake, known as the 'Lake of Savah,' formerly existed there, but that it dried up about 1.357 years ago on the day the Prophet-may the blessings of God be upon him and his posterity-was born. It reappeared about six years ago." The shape of this new body of water the Shah describes in homely fashion. He says: "The figure of the lake may be compared to that of a pair of spectacles. There are two lakes joined by a narrow channel, which is about two miles in width, or a little less." The Shah wears spectacles. The size of the lake he gives at 100 miles in circumference. As to its origin he says:

"From observations which have been made we conclude that this lake has been formed by waters which bubbled up in the Kavir like fountains from underground, for the rivers which flow into it have not changed their direction and did not form a lake. A camel-driver of the Arab nomads of the Kelekn tribe, which has its camping ground on the shores of the lake. told us that he had seen with his own eves how six years ago a great quantity of water bubbled up in the middle of the Kavir, and, gradually in-

creasing, finally submerged the places where it had appeared. Sad to say, in spite of the Shah's apparently bonest efforts to tell the truth about his new lake, there is a harrowing suspicion that his honesty has been fooled, and that, instead of the lake that disappeared on the day the Prophet was born reappearing now out of the bosom of the earth into which it vanished, the new body of water has its origin in a much less mysterious fashion. There is a coincidence between the date of the appearance of the new lake and that of the opening of a new road from Teheran to Kour, which becomes irregular, in view of the fact that the lake covers up and renders impassable the old road. It is also stated that there is a break in the dyke of the Kara Chai, a river through which the water flows into the new lake. Near the gap lives a Persian nobleman, who has an interest in the tolleof the new road.

A Troublesome Likeness. It is said that no two blades of grass resemble each other, but occasionally two people are to be found so extremely alike that very regrettable mistakes ensue. A case in point is that of a young Frenchman named Tiquet, who was sentenced at a Paris police court to one month's imprisonment for defrauding several persons. He earnestly protested that he was innocent, and that he was the victim of come mistake; but his accusers positively swore to his identity and he was condemned. It chanced, h vever, fortunately for him, that on the following day another young man, named Fillateau, was brought up on a similar charge, and at once admitted his guilt. This delinquent presented so worderful a resemblance to Tiquot that the magistrate, perplexed, remanded the case for a week and sent for the imprisoned man to confront him with his second self and with his accusers. The latter in the presence of the two young men were entirely taken aback, one of them, however, frankly admitting his mistake, and stating that it was Fillateau, not Tiquet, who had robbed him-an assertion which the former confirmed. The upshot is that Fillateau has been sent to prison for six months, and an appeal has been lodged with the court that condemaed Tiquet to get him out of jail.

They Didn't Advertise.

Arizona Kicker. Last week we advised our friends to give the cold shoulder to a traveling theatrical company which advertised a week's engagement at Root Hog or Die Hall, and after playing to empty benches for two nights, the company slid out of town, though not before the leading man, the villain, the juvenile, the first old woman and Clara Vere De Vere, the heroine, had stoned the Kicker office and dared us to come forth in the stilly night and be mangled to a pulp. Let this be a warning to other theatrical companies. No free tickets were left at this office in this case. In fact, the Kicker was coolly ignored. It will be wise in all others to come and see us at once. We want at least six deadhead tickets to front seats, and in case we don't get 'em the show is going to prove a bad financial failure. This office is the place to get date-lines and dodgers, and this paper is the proper medium to

DELAWARE COUNTY'S WIZARD.

A Mysterious Genius Whose Chief Eccentricity Is a Marvelous Charm String. Muncle Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the north end of this (Delaware) county is

now to be found one of the most eccentric and mysterious characters in America. He is known as "Bully, the Wizard." Nobody knows him by any other name. He claims to be sixty four years old, and has been in these parts at intervals during the past thirty-five years. Bully has no relatives in the world. The most diligent inquiries have failed to discover any thing about his past history, as he declines to give any information himself. The Wizard makes his living by fortune-telling, and many people implicitly believe that he has occult powers. Stories are related about his wonderful predictions. This strange man at present is stopping with a Mr. Shranon, ten miles from Muncie. Bully has traveled all over the world, but he has never ridden on a horse, in a wagon, or on the cars during his whole life. The only conveyance he has ever used was the steamship which carried him across the ocean. Sometimes he will disappear from this locality for two or three years at a time, but always turns up again when least expected. "Bully, the Wizard," has the most remarkable "charm string" in existence. It is 203 feet long, and is composed of shells, old coins, snake-rattles and buttons in endless variety. The string when coiled has a dismeter of six feet. The charm weighs 300 pounds. Bully has his whole life centered in this charm-string, which he treasures above everything on earth. Some time ago he was offered \$1,060 for the curiosity, but refused it. When he realized that his string had great pecuniary value, the Wizard buried it in a box in a deserted gravel-pit, and then departed on one of his excursions. About three months ago the County Commissioners authorized the construction of a free gravel road, and a committee was appointed to prospect for gravel. In examining the old pit the charm string was found and placed in the care of Mr. Shannon, the friend of the Wizard. Bully is now engaged in making another charm, which heclaims will be more marvelous than the other one, which he was forty-six years in constructing, In telling fortunes he used a wire filled with bends, which he places over the head of the subject, and, after taking the measurement, places the wire on his own head.

The strange man lived four years among Shoshone Indians in Wyoming, and is familiar with the customs and languages of all the tribes. His personal appearance is very striking. He wears knee-pants, with short jacket. A skull cap, with a long tassel behind, covers his head. He has a mustache and chin whiskers. Everybody considers Buily non compos mentis on the charm question, but he appears to be all right on everything else. It is said that he has been in every town of five thousand inhabitants and over in the United States and Canada, always traveling on foot.

BILLY EMERSON IN GREAT LUCK A One-Sided Contract with Three Business

Men in San Francisco.

San Francisco Special. The Bijou Opera-house is in trouble. The capitalists who built the house made an agreement of partnership with Billy Emerson which has been a most agreeable one for the wellknown minstrel. It does not provide for his services in the company, and he has been, for some time, walking around as a gentleman of leisure, drawing his third of the profits. The contract gives him the right to engage performers at whatever salary he may see fit, and makes the owners of the building responsible for such engagements. Moreover, this most one-sided of contracts, signed by three presumably-shrewd business men on one side, and by a careless minstrel on the other, calls the whole building the Bijou Theater, and virtually entitles Emerson to a share of all rents obtained

from other tenants. When the theater was completed Emerson's innocent partners, Mesers. Thomas, Hougton and Trumbo, gave him \$1,500 and sent him to New York for a company. On his return he walked smilingly up to Mr. Trumbo and said: "Well, I've engaged the best men in America." "Where are they?" asked his partner.

"In New York, waiting for their fares," calmly answered William. "Why, where's the \$1,500? That was for

"Oh, was it? You didn't say so. I blew it in at the races," was the minstrel's placid response, and his partners had to advance the fares again. The culmination of the difficulty came when Emerson wanted \$4,000 to get out, and the owners of the building refused to give it and withdrew from all contract with the minstrel, who insisted on playing. Monday night the curtain went up and disclosed as small a first part as any country barn-storming company ever "worked" small country towns with. There were present on the stage, Lorraine, Delorme, Somers, Whitmark and Rushley. The orchestra consisted of four pieces. There was only one end man. Emerson was sent for. He appeared on the stage in street costume with unblackened face, and put the audience in good humor by singing, "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady."

Last night six of the company, assisted by a piano and a cornet, gave a curious and amusing entertainment. Five of them sat in a row and gave a kind of parlor concert with piano accompaniment. After each solo a sad-eyed negro in an apron and carrying a feather duster ambled in, looked at them, asked them conundrums, answered them bimself and walked off again What will happen next nobody knows.

WALKING ON THE HUDSON RIVER. Spectacle That Astonished Folks Over in the Village of Rhineciiff.

Early this morning the people of Rhinecliff were astonished at the sight of a man walking on the waters of the Hudson river, and those possessed of a biblical knowledge marveled at the spectacle, and compared it with the story of Peter, the apostle. The man was Prof. C. W. Oldriev, of Boston, who alleges that he is the champion water-walker of the world. Oldriev is about nineteen years old, and is about five feet in height. His small stature stands him in well in propelling his uncouth shoes through the water. If he were taller he ould be top-heavy. He said he is walking from Albany to New York on a wager of \$500. He left Albany at 8 o'clock Monday morning and reached Hudson vesterday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, where he rested until 5 o'clock. He arrived at Rhinecliff at 4 o'clock this morning. He went ashore and took breakfast at the

Rhinecliff Hotel. To a reporter Oldreiv said that he expected to take his next breakfast at Newburg and reach the end of his journey on Saturday afternoon, He had experienced rough weather. His water shoes are about five feet in length and eight inches wide. They are air tight, having in the center of each a hole just large enough for his feet. The bottom of each shoe is supplied with four squares of wood, called "fins." These prevent him from slipping back when walking. The Professor's actions on the waare far from being graceful. His movements would indicate that it was very hard work for him to move along, although he said in calm water walking was easy. He is accompanied by a man in a small boat. When he left Rhinecliff there were about seventy-five persons on the dock to "see him off." The water was choppy, and his ungainly movements led people to believe that he would topple over the 'next moment." He did pot, however. His progress was accelerated by a stiff breeze blowing on his back. His walking costume consisted of a jockey cap, a blue woven watst, crimson tights bordered with white and ornamented with silver. Long rubber boots encased his legs. On his way south he was greeted by blasts of whistles of passing steamboats.

Why the Umbrella Always Came Back. Kansas City Star. A guest asked a hotel clerk for the loan of an umbrella on the last wet day and was surprised and pleased because of the alacrity with which his wishes were complied. He stepped out into the rain and raised the gingham, thanking his stars for such attention. By and by the shoeblacks began to remark him and say to each other in a vein of ribaldry: "Noo sandwich in town, fellers!" The bearer of the capopy did not become sensitive, however, until the men and women who passed by stared at him and the giddy girls even laughed outright at him. The drummer, for such he was, dropped in to see a fashionable milliner to talk business with her. She saw him approach the door and he could not account for the look of consternation on her countenance until having lowered the umbrella he looked at his shoes and saw on the gingham, written in three-inch white capitals on a black ground; "--- Hotel, Fine Table and Rooms." The clerk says he lost so many umbrellas that he was obliged to originate this scheme, and the umbrellas are always re-

The Eustle and the Backache,

Boston Herald. A writer in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal inveighs against the bustle, which, in his opinion, has really deleterious effects upon the wearer. The woman with a bustle, he says, can never sit down in a natural position. It is absolutely impossible for her to rest her back against the back of any seat of ordinary construction. He has no doubt that some of the severe headaches in women whose duties keep them seated all day are due to, or at least are aggravated by, this disability. In addition, when the woman stands the weight of the back breadths of her dress are thrown so far bebind as to make her lean forward to maintain the | pendence on the part of so many governments



center of gravity in its proper position. These are grave charges against this article of femnine adornment, and, coming from a physician, they must carry weight. If the bustle really deserves to be banished, the physicians are the best men to lead the fight for its extermination.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

Story of an Officer Who Angered the Czar and Fled to America. Portland (Ore.) Welcome.

At a state banquet given in St. Petersburg at

the time of the Franco-Prussian war the toast

"the German Empire" was proposed by the

Czar, when the Crown Prince and present Czar

to see Secretary of State Bayard immediately

and bring about his release from prison, as he is

now a citizen of the United States and free to

travel where he pleases. Senator Mitchell will

give the matter his most active attention, and

we hope before another week to be able to

chronicle that Captain Newy has been not only

liberated from prison, but has been restored to

his immense fortune and former rights as a

THE ANGEL IN HIM.

Rough Mountain Herder's Love for His

In a little grave-yard, away out among the

Rockies, a broad-hatted, flannel-shirted, bronze-

faced and gun-laden man of fifty sat by a mound,

the place beneath which his baby girl of six

summers had been laid. A small monument,

upon which in bas-relief the figure of a weeping

Said he: "I bought that piece of marble and

had it put thar ez a pictur of myself. That

sounds sorter curious, don't it. The idee of me

bein' er angel. But lemme tell you pard, thar's

mo' angel in me than you'd think fur. I'm

allos er angel when I'm aroun' whar that

baby gal is sleepin', an' I wuz that

way whar she wuz befo' she went away.

That thar same angel on that tombstun

wuzn't nothin' but a chuuk er rock, to all ap-

pearances, befo' the sculptor tuck his art an'

his chisels an' brung it out. That baby gal's my

sculptor, dead or alive. She takes her pooty

little fingers and digs aroun' old Hank Adams's

rocky heart, an' she brings out the angel every

"I thought mo' of that baby than I did or my

life, er anything else that's 'sociated with me in

any shape. I ain't never done anything very wrong

ceptin' to myself. I've got drunk a good many

imes, an' had fights that wuz fo'ced on me, an'

I've had to git away with fellers that ondertuck

o get the drap on me, but I allers done it on

the squar. I never robbed nobody in no way,

shape ner form, but I would a done it fur that

little gal of thar had been any needcessity for

it, but thar never wuz an' I don't reckon thar

"I thought when I seed that marble angel thet

it hed ben dug out onder her d'rection, jis as a

pictur er me as the way she seed me, fur she

thought I wuz a sho nuff angel, an' the Lawd

knows I wuz to her. Fur her sake I could be a

"Mo' than that, this yar marble angel is cryin'

all the time, jis' like the angel in me is, when I

think of her, an' I want it to set here an' cry.

all day an' all night, through storm an' shine, in

summer an' winter, as a sorter of a proxy fur

me when I can't be here an' when I'm out on

the range herdin' the Texans, an' got too much

else to do to cry about that po' little baby gal

that wuz all the world an' is all of heaven to me.

ay some prairie flowers on this yar grave, or do

anything to show you are sorry fur the little one

ez lies thar, you'll be doin' a favor to Hank

The Czar Nicholas of Russia.

The Czar Nicholas was, in fact, the last real

autocrat in Europe. I count it among my most

instructive experiences and recollections to have

obtained a living picture of the most remarkable

man of my time, which I was able to supple-

ment and complete from time to time by means

of numerous connexions with relatives common

to us both. " " In the person of the Em-

peror Nicholas all vague abstractions of state.

church and nationality vanished. One looked

at him and perceived that all the force

expressed in these terms was concentrated in

his person. Apart from him nothing existed

or seemed capable of existing. He stood tang-

ible, but by no means terrible; on the contrary

bandsome and lordly, attractive and seductive.

self-assured, bold, and like a kind of religious

guardian spirit before an adoring world. And

yet this colossal apparition of an absolute ruler

proved on closer examination to be mere out-

He was the most perfect wearer of uniform

among all the princes of Europe, a tailor's

block (model) for every kind of full dress. The

principles of his life and government were uni-

form and red tape. He looked both the states-

man and the general in so marked a degree

that his complete capacity to fill either role

seemed to everyone a foregone conclusion.

That and everything else he effected by means

of the grand spirit born within him, which was

expressed in the phrase, "Nimbus of the Auto-

crat." He was better capable of maintain-

ing this in the most brilliant style than any

of the emperors and kings of his time. But with

equal ability he managed to give to the social

expression of his feelings a certain air of bon-

homie, which corresponded to his change of uni-

form. Above all he understood the art of put-

ting one out of countenance, while his gallant

ward show, a painted picture.

Adams, an' he'll not furgit you fur it."

The Duke of Coburg's Memours.

"When you are passin' this way, pard, an' kin

ever would er ben.

saint, of it would do any good.

angel had been carved, marked the spot.

Little Child Lays Bare His Heart.

Will Visscher, in Portland Oregonian.

mill, and make into coffee in the usual way. A dashed his wine-glass down upon the couple of teaspoonfuls of the ground chestnuts table and refused to drink to the land of the are enough for two cups of coffee. Teutons. His sire became irate and told a courtier near by to eject the hot-headed young The Faithful Daniel. man, but fearing the displeasure of the Prince Minneapolis Tribune. the dignitary in some way evaded carrying out the unpleasant command. Among those at the If ever knight of old won fame and rest by loval service Mr. Daniel Lamont is deserving of dinner was Capt. A. Newylizoffskoff, or Newy. the safest and snuggest retreat for the remainas it is now Anglicized, who openly declared der of his life that his patron can discover for that if he had been called upon by the Czar to him, and if none are to be found that will fit lay hands upon the Prince he would not have hesitated in the performance of such a duty a | him there should be a special creation in his insecond. This speech cost the gallant captain | terest. If the President does not care for him, is place in the Russian army, and, in fact, in posterity will propounce his La of every campaign slander uttered against him. Russia, for he was, on account of the present Czar's alleged dislike, compelled to become an exile and suffer the confiscation of his DIED estates, valued at 2,000,000 rubles. Accompanied HERETH-Eddie W., son of Frank S. and Carrie by his wife, who had \$80,000 of her own, Capt. M. Hereth, died in Omaha. Neb., Nov. 7, 1888; age, Newy settled in California, and then, about four six years and eight days. years ago-having previously become an Amer-KARRMAN-Mary, wife of Julius Karrman. Fu ican citizen and renounced the Czar and all his eral will take place from late residence, 708 South pomp-went to Centralia, W. T., where he re-Meridian street, Sunday, 2 p. m. Friends invited. sided for some time, and then moved to Tolede, not far distant, which is his present home. He TUTEWILER, purchased considerable land in the nighborhood and stocked it with blooded horses and cattle, and purchased quantities the best agricultural machinery in order to go into business on a heavy scale. To say that an inexperienced foreigner with plenty 72 W. Market st.-Cyclorama Placa-Telephone 216, of money was fleeced by those who sold bim cattle and by numerous others who came in con-ANNOUNCEMENTS. tact with him, goes without saying. While liv-PENERAL HARRISON PORTRAIT BOOK ing in Washington Territory his wife made a I marks, with sutograph, woven in pure silk. Send trip to St. Petersburg, and on her return had an 25 cents for sample. W. H. Doll, Indianapolis, Ind. mmense supply of costly presents given by her wealthy Russian relatives, which now ornament MARY C. LLOYD, DENTIST. ROOM 20, OVER their Toledo home. Having through sheer ig-VI Fletcher's Bank. Reasonable prices. Elevator. norance-for he had been trained solely for the army-squandered a great deal of his wife's RANGE BLOSSOM SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR money, Captain Newy wrote to the Czar requesting that his confiscated estates be restored all female diseases. Safe and effective. For special instructions ladies will consult Mrs. M. A. Breede to him, but owing to enemies in court none of

love, general manager, 256 Fayette street. Lady agents wanted. his letters ever reached the "Ruler of all the Russias." Becoming desperate, the exile a short STROLOGER-MRS, DR. ELLIS CAN BE CONtime ago left Europe to enforce his claims in persulted on past, present, future, love, friendship, on, and last week on crossing the border into marriage, inheritance, enemies, lost or stolen goods, lawsuits, sickness, death, journeys, etc. It sick, in trouble, or would know what to do for the best, con-Russia was arrested and thrown into jail as a political prisoner. On Thursday a telegram was sult the Doctor at ones. 23 East Michigan street. sent to Portland from Paris by some of Captain Newy's friends, to Messrs. Staver & Walker, DEMEMBER DONATION DAY FOR THE COLwho are fully cognizant of the Captain's affairs, Le ored Orphans' Home-On Nov. 27, from 8 a. m. here, requesting that they and Mr. A. Feldento 6 p. m., ladies will receive donations at Talbott's heimer, another friend of the unfortunate's, call

wood and willowware store, opposite postoffice. Any thing needed in such an institution thankfully reon Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, and induce him WANTED-MISCELLANEOUS.

ans excited my deepest apprehensions for years

back, and it has become clear to me that unless

all hope for Germany is to be given up, the in-

Coffee From Chestauts.

Take a handful or two of chestnuts: take out

the meats. The easier way is to cut them in

halves. Then cut these haives into little pieces

-perhaps fifteen or twenty pieces to a chestnut.

Put them in a large, shallow tin-a large drip-

ping pan is as good as anything-put it on top

of a hot stove and keep shaking the pan or

stirring the chestnuts until all the pieces are

thoroughly parched. Grind them in a coffee

finence of Russia must first of all be broken."

Hartford Times.

Gas-both kinds-with board. Day boarders wanted. 294 East Market street.

WANTED-SITUATIONS. TOUSEWORK IN SMALL FAMILY OR PRI vate boarding-house. H. B., Journal offic. WANTED-SITUATION BY A FIRST-CLASS V male cook. 118 W. Georgia st.

AURNISHED ROOM FOR TWO CENTERMEN.

WANTED-MALE HELP.

WANTED-RELIABLE MAN OF GOOD AD W dress. Fair compensation at start. Best of reference required. Apply at once. C. H. LATH-ROP, 72 W. Washington street.

FOR SALE-REAL ESTATE. COR SALE-THREE-STORY BRICK BUILD ing, opposite the Bates House, on Washington

street; 21 feet front outside stairway. R. F. CAT-TERSON & SON, Agents, 24, Kentucky avenue. FOR SALE-MISCELLANEOUS. LOR SALE CHEAP-TWO FINE IRISH SET. I' ter pups. No. 9 Greenleaf Row, Brightwood, Ind.

TOOR SALE-AN UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO.

Will seil cheap for cash if sold within a week, Owner leaving the city. J.IW. DUDLEY, 80 E. New OR SALE-HOTEL-WE OFFER A BARGAIN in a paying hotel, in a large city in Ohio. Failing health of the proprietor is the reason for selling. For particulars address GREGORY & APPEL, 96 East

Market street, Indianapolis.

FOR EXCHANGE. CAFES-100 SECOND-HAND SAFES TAKEN IN exchange: for sale cheap, all sizes, by the agent of the Mosler Safe and Lock Co. Address MAY, Occidental Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind.

FOR RENT. TAOR RENT-HOUSES-678 S. MERIDIAN ST. four rooms; 10 Arizona st., five rooms, halt square Meridian-street car line. H. J. BUDENZ, L. S. Ayres & Co

AUCTION SALE.

UCTION SALE OF GROCERIES AND FIX A tures to the trade. We will sell, on Tuesday morning, Nov. 27, at 10 o'clock, at the store, corner of Columbia and Malott avenues, opposite Indianapolis Cabinet Company, a full assortment of staple and fancy groceries, including coffee, sugars, flour, tobasco, syrups and molasses, vinegar, spices, baking powder, soap, starch, extracts, teas, brooms, matches, tinware, lamps, glass and queensware, raisins, cornmeal, lamp chimneys, toilet soap, stationery, porket knives, table cutlery, shears, dolls, casters, cigars etc. Also, at the same time and place, five elegant nickle frame show-cases, one top delivery wagon, one coffee-mill, two oit-tanks with pumps, two pair counter scales, one very choice counter scale, cost 825; coffee bins, large stove, hanging lamns, etc. Terms. cash. Sale positive. Gustin & McCurdy, Auction

AND STATES OF STREET, CLAIRVOYANTS.

CLAIRVOYANT'S \$3,000 CHALLENGE-ALT A call on Mme. Maree, the great and noted elairvoy ant and astrologist, the most powerful mystic sight is clairvovance of the nineteenth century; born with . three-fold veil, genuine seventh daughter of the sev enth daughter, has been publicly tested, and challenger the world. Five thousand dollars challenge se any one who can equal her in consultation on friends or enemies; on business matters, marriages, and losses of every description. Reveals mysteries, design teadden coin or minerals, locates lingering diveases. Mmo. Marce is the greatest living natural clairvoys ant on earth. She reads your eceret and open life, from the cradle to the grave, with as much case us though in ordinary conversation. Her crowded parronage throughout the United States and in Chi substantiates the famous merit of her great to ight in elairvovance, testified to by tens of the in America. Mme. Marce in Chicago Sept. 29, 1985. received and won the accepted challenge test medal the majority rules in agreement verifying the truth of her mystic power to read your life, which is the standard acknowledgement of her challenge. All call on the great clairvoyant. She will tell you of your past, you will hear your inner present, and know your destined future; asks no questions; uses no cards of any description in her profession; perfected the breaking evil influence; witcheraft; vanishing mairits of haunted houses, influencing your cause in marriage, and with those who formke you to return. Mme. Maree wishes it perfectly understood that she is the only cenuine natural clairvoyant in America with the unfathemable gift of power discerning objects and resent; describing your friends and enemies precise with natural case, and warns the public to be care ful of all them that imitate her name and adventise ment. Jadies in trouble call. Office hours from A. M. to S P. M. Consultation sent by mail, 124 North Delaware street, above Ohio street.

GARVIN'S BUSINESS COLLEG

and chivalrous demeanor fascinated both men and women. His influence was everywhere and INSTITUTE of PENMANSHI nowhere, like that of the Wandering Jew. . . . Corner Washington and Meridian St I confess that this ever increasing lack of inde-Send for Circulars.